

**MARVEL**

**33**

LGY#233

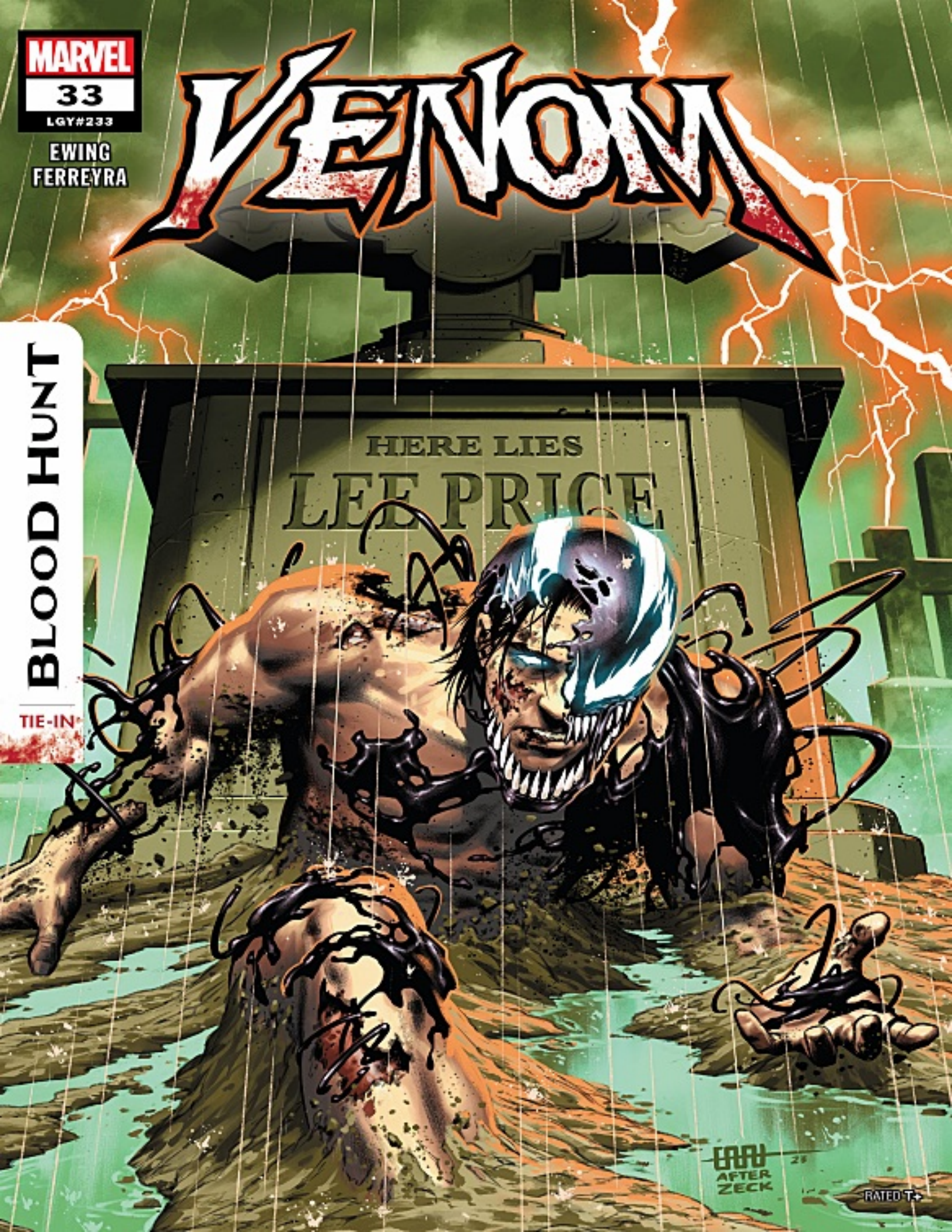
**EWING  
FERREYRA**

# VENOM

**BLOOD HUNT**

TIE-IN\*

HERE LIES  
**LEE PRICE**



**BBU**  
AFTER  
ZECK

28

RATED T+



Years ago, **EDDIE BROCK** was a reporter whose career was ruined, and he contemplated ending his own life. But he found a kindred spirit--an extraterrestrial parasitic alien called a symbiote. The creature bonded to him, and the two were joined. Together, they are:

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# VENOM

## "PREDATION"

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### PREVIOUSLY

After **DYLAN BROCK'S** murder at the bloody hands of **CARNAGE**, the murderous symbiote once bonded to serial killer Cletus Kasady, **VENOM** stabilized Dylan's body. But Dylan's soul escaped Venom's grasp and journeyed to the **EVENTUALITY**, Eddie Brock's final form at the end of time, where Dylan was allowed to ask five questions.

Meanwhile, Carnage had arrived at the **GARDEN OF TIME** with one goal: to kill Eddie Brock. Wielding the Necrospear, Carnage did battle with the various Eddies of the timeline and destroyed the Garden itself.

Later, Dylan miraculously reawakened, but Venom, torn by guilt and despair, had already left his host. Venom's separation from Dylan couldn't have happened during a more dangerous time--vampires have united and launched an attack against the living! With the sun blocked out, the vampires have the advantage, and Dylan and Venom must face them alone...

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## 33

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Writer **AL EWING**

Artist **JUAN FERREYRA**

Letterer **VC's CLAYTON COWLES**

Cover Artist **CAFU**

Variant Cover Artists **JUAN FERREYRA;  
JOSHUA "SWAY" SWABY**

Design  
JAY BOWEN

Editor  
TOM GRONEMAN

Supervising Editor  
JORDAN D. WHITE

Editor in Chief  
C.B. CEBULSKI

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I would like to dedicate this issue to my father, Eduardo Ferreyra. He was my mentor, taught me how to draw and introduced me to comics. He's the reason that I make them. He was also my collaborator since he painted almost all the comics I have ever worked on. This comic is the first one I did without him. I love you, Dad. You'll be greatly missed. --Juan Ferreyra, 3/28/24



NEW YORK CITY.


SOMETIME IN THE UNENDING NIGHT.



MY FIRST  
BOMBING RUN  
SINCE '45, AND IT'S  
ON AMERICAN  
SOIL...



NOT GETTING  
COLD FEET,  
ARE YOU?



I'M AS  
LOYAL TO THE  
BIG MAN AS YOU  
ARE. JUST FELT LIKE  
POINTING OUT  
THE IRONY.

AND DON'T  
PRETEND YOUR  
FEET ARE WARM  
AND TOASTY...



THEY'RE LIKE  
ICE. BUT YOU  
SAY '45--I'VE BEEN  
AROUND SINCE  
1745.



AND I  
GOT THAT OLD  
BY FOLLOWING  
THE SIRE'S  
ORDERS.

MAYBE WE  
FOLLOW ORDERS.  
BUT THAT THING  
BACK THERE?



IT MAKES  
US LOOK LIKE  
VEGETARIANS.



I MEAN,  
WHEN OL' VLAD  
TEPES FOUND IT  
IN THAT RUSSIAN  
GULAG...HE KEPT IT  
ON ICE, KEPT IT  
CAPTIVE.

THAT CREATURE...  
IT DOESN'T THINK  
LIKE WE DO. IT DOESN'T  
KNOW WHEN  
TO STOP.

IF WE LET  
IT OUT, IT'LL EAT  
THE WHOLE  
WORLD.

INDUBITABLY,  
BUT IT'LL START  
WITH ITS NATURAL  
PREY.

AND LET'S  
BE REAL  
HERE...

...DO YOU  
WANT TO TELL  
HIM THAT WE  
CHICKENED  
OUT?

WELL,  
IT'S DONE  
NOW.

"NOW I  
AM BECOME  
DEATH..."

NOW WE'RE  
ALL SONS OF  
LICH.





WHAT A  
BEAUTIFUL  
SKY.

NO STARS  
AT ALL. NO  
WORLDS TO HUNT  
ME...NOBODY TO  
GET IN MY  
WAY...

AHHH...

...AND THE  
SCENT OF DEATH  
IN THE AIR.

DEATH AND  
THE NOBLE  
ROT. AGED TO  
PERFECTION...  
THE MAKINGS  
OF A LURE.

I SMELL  
SYMBIOTE.





NOT LONG  
AFTER.

I DON'T SMELL  
SYMBIOTE.

BUT THERE'S AN ENDLESS BLACK  
SKY AND MONSTERS IN THE  
STREETS. THE STING OF SIRENS  
IN MY SKIN. PANIC AND TERROR.

I DON'T SMELL  
SYMBIOTE...BUT EVEN  
SO, IT'S SO MUCH LIKE  
THE LAST TIME, WHEN  
KNULL CAME TO BARTH.

IS THE KING IN  
BLACK RETURNING?  
IS THIS YOU, EDDIE?

IF THIS IS  
YOU...HOW CAN  
I FACE YOU?

I BETRAYED  
YOUR TRUST IN  
ME. I FAILED  
THE ONE TASK  
YOU GAVE ME.

I LET  
DYLAN  
DIE.





HIS BODY IS ALIVE,  
SOMEWHERE OUT IN  
THIS NIGHT THAT  
WON'T END. I  
REPAIRED IT MYSELF.  
I KEPT IT GOING.

THWIP!

BUT THE  
ANIMATING  
SPARK HAS  
LEFT IT.

THE SOUL.  
WHEN IT LEAVES,  
A HUMAN CANNOT  
GROW ANOTHER.



DYLAN IS DEAD...AND  
I AM NOW WITHOUT  
A HOST. WHEN WAS  
THE LAST TIME?

WAS IT  
AFTER...LEE  
PRICE...?

LEE...DAMAGED ME.  
BUT SPIDER-MAN--  
PETER--OFFERED  
ME SANCTUARY.

IT GAVE ME THE  
STRENGTH TO  
THROW OFF LEE'S  
INFLUENCE...\*

...AND IT WAS A  
TRICK. A LIE...LIKE  
SO MANY OTHER  
TIMES...

PETER WILL NEVER  
BOND WITH ME. I  
KNOW THAT NOW.

HE'D  
RATHER  
DIE...

...AND SO  
WOULD I.







LEE DIED IN PRISON. I HAVE  
MEMORIES FROM ANOTHER  
CHILD I FAILED--MANIA.

LEE HAD TAKEN THE  
OFFSPRING ON. HE'D  
BECOME ADDICTED TO  
SYMBIOSIS--HE'D  
DAMAGED ME, BUT I'D  
DAMAGED HIM MORE.

CARNAGE WAS PRETENDING TO BE  
BODIB IN THE PRISON. HE TORE  
MANIA OUT OF LEE'S BODY. THE  
SHOCK OF SEPARATION WAS FATAL.

IT CAN HAPPEN...  
WHEN THE SYMBIOTE IS  
YOUNG AND UNLEARNED,  
WHEN THE HOST'S NEED  
IS TOO GREAT...

LATER, I TOOK  
MY OFFSPRING  
BACK...BUT  
CARNAGE HAD  
ALREADY EATEN  
MANIA'S MIND.

WE HAD OTHER  
PROBLEMS. KNULL  
WAS COMING.

THERE WAS  
NO REAL TIME  
TO GRIEVE.

NOW...NOW I HAVE NO  
HOST. WITHOUT THE  
CHEMICALS A HOST  
PROVIDES, I WILL DIE  
SOON. AND IN THE  
TIME LEFT, ALL I  
HAVE IS GRIEF.

PERHAPS...PERHAPS  
I SHOULD FIND LEE.  
PERHAPS I SHOULD  
VISIT HIM.

PERHAPS  
I SHOULD  
APOLOGIZE.



# UNDER THE CITY.



SORRY ABOUT THIS, BREN.



FOR WHAT, ASKING FOR HELP? WE'RE FAMILY, DYLAN. WE'RE A HIVE.

I'M JUST SORRY I CAN'T DO MORE, YOU KNOW?



DID YOU ASK NORMIE IF HE HAD A PLACE YOU COULD STAY...?

NO WAY. NEVER MIND I NEARLY KILLED NORMIE'S POP-POP--HIS MOM'S HEAD OF ALCHEMAX.

EVEN IF VENOM'S OUT OF THE PICTURE... I'VE STILL GOT THAT SYMBIOTE BLOOD, DUDE. SHE'D DISSECT ME.

I JUST WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING WITH IT--LIKE I USED TO. I HATE FEELING SO... POWERLESS.

I HATE NEEDING HELP...

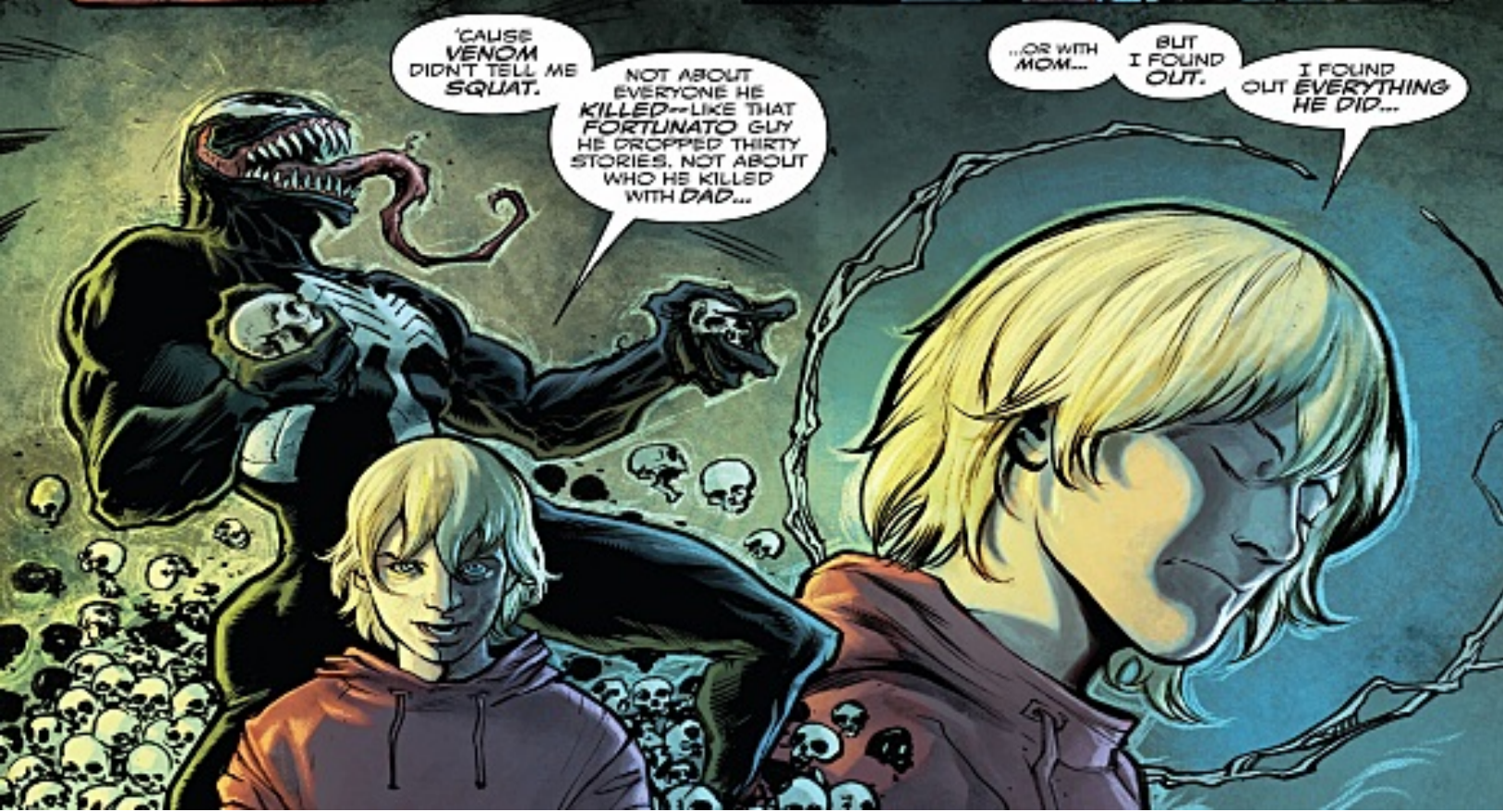
WHAT?



NOTHING.

JUST PUT IT DOWN THERE, MAN.







"...AND  
EVERYTHING  
HE'S GOING  
TO DO."



ANYWAY,  
I CAN'T FEEL HIS  
MIND NOW, WHICH IS  
FINE, 'CAUSE I DON'T  
WANNA TALK TO HIM.  
EVER AGAIN.

IT'S  
BETTER THAT  
WAY.

REALLY?  
EVEN WITH  
EVERYTHING GOING  
CRAZY RIGHT  
NOW?



WHAT, NIGHT  
FELL AND DIDN'T  
GET UP AGAIN? I'VE  
BEEN THERE  
BEFORE...

SURE,  
EVERYBODY  
HAS.

AT LEAST  
IT'S NOT KNULL  
THIS TIME.

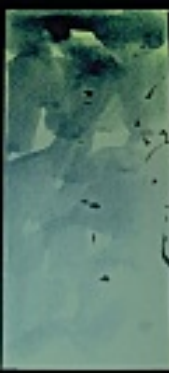


IT'S  
NOT.


IS IT?











STRANGE HOW  
THE DEAD HAVE  
MORE FRIENDS  
THAN THE LIVING.

LIVING SPACE IN MANHATTAN IS EXPENSIVE--AND  
DYING SPACE LIKEWISE, YET SOME ACQUAINTANCE  
GIFTED LEE PRICE A TOMBSTONE HERE.

PELICIA HARDY? SOME RICH  
ARMY BUDDY WHO GOT THE  
BREAKS LEE DIDN'T AND  
FELT SENTIMENTAL?

MAYBE TOMBSTONE  
HIMSELF, BUYING GRAVES  
FOR HIS ENEMIES IS  
PROBABLY ON-BRAND.


IN THE END, IT  
DOESN'T MATTER.  
IT'S THE HOLD  
THEY PUT HIM IN,  
THAT'S ALL. IT'S  
WHERE HE IS.

AND  
MAYBE...

...MAYBE WHERE I  
BELONG TOO--

AAARRGH!



A two-page comic book spread. The top panel shows Venom in a dynamic, leaping pose against a dark, stormy sky. He is holding a severed head in his right hand and a lightning bolt in his left. The bottom panel shows Venom in a crouched, ready position on a pile of debris in a graveyard. The background features tombstones, bare trees, and a dark, ominous atmosphere.

WHAT WAS THAT?  
A STAB OF PAIN...  
STARVATION  
SETTING IN?  
ALREADY?

NO. SOMETHING  
CONNECTED TO  
ME.

WHAT IS MY  
VENOM? IF I  
FEED ON MY  
HOSTS, WHAT  
FEEDS ON ME?

I TRY TO IMAGINE WHAT  
A NATURAL SYMBIOTE FOR  
SYMBIOTES MIGHT LOOK LIKE.  
A CARRION-EATER, PERHAPS?

WOULD IT FEED ON  
ALL THE BODIES  
WE LEAVE IN OUR  
WAKE?

WOULD IT  
DO THIS?



IT CAME  
FROM *HERB*.

IT FELT  
LIKE...SALT  
IN A WOUND.  
OR ACID.

OR  
VENOM.

WHAT...?

HERE LIES  
LEE PRICE

OR WOULD  
IT DO  
WORSE...?

SRRM.

MBUH.

UHHT.

THE SOUNDS  
ARE ONLY  
SOUNDS.

THAT'S WHAT I  
TELL MYSELF.



RANDOM  
VOCALIZATIONS  
FROM WHAT WAS  
ONCE A HUMAN  
THROAT.

LEE WAS  
AUTOPSISED AND  
EMBALMED.  
NOTHING HUMAN  
COULD REMAIN  
IN THERE.

HE IS DEAD, AS DYLAN  
IS DEAD--AND SO  
BEYOND ALL PAIN,  
BEYOND ALL HORROR.

HE'S NOT  
IN THERE.

MMUH.  
SWMB.  
LIT.



THAT'S WHAT I  
TELL MYSELF.



MMUHH!

HE  
OBSTURBS.

HE...

...REACHES.

NO--


FOR A MOMENT,  
I FEEL WEAK,  
LIKE I ALWAYS  
DID AROUND HIM.

WEAK AND  
HELPLESS, LIKE  
OUR HUMAN  
VICTIMS...

NO!

THEN I  
REMEMBER...





NO DYLAN TO  
WORRY ABOUT.  
NO HUMAN  
BODY AT ALL.

IT'S HARD TO WILL  
MYSELF TO BE  
SOLID AGAIN, I'M  
SO HUNGRY...

...THERE'S  
NOTHING  
HUMAN IN ME.

REMNANT...?

A NAME? OR A  
DESCRIPTION?

OLD TRACES,  
FERMENTED IN  
ROTTED BLOOD.  
DISCARDED  
SYMBIOTE CELLS,  
STIRRED TO AN  
UNHOLY LIFE.

A ZOMBIE  
SYMBIOTE.

A ZOMBIOTE.

WELL, IF  
YOUR NAME'S  
NOT PRICE--

KRRK



AND IF  
YOU DO KILL  
IT...IT TOOK SO  
LITTLE ENERGY  
TO SET IT IN  
MOTION. MY  
BAIT, MY  
LURE.

DID YOU  
EVEN REALIZE  
YOU WERE BEING  
CALLED? OR DID  
YOU THINK COMING  
HERE WAS YOUR  
OWN IDEA?

IT'S HOW  
MY KIND HAVE  
ALWAYS FED ON  
YOURS--USING YOUR  
WEAK POINT, YOUR  
VULNERABILITY...

...YOUR  
HOSTS.

MY SPECIES  
IS ALMOST GONE  
NOW...HUNTED TO  
EXTINCTION...





YOU'RE NOT  
LEE. LEE DIED. MANIA  
IS GONE. EVEN MY CODEX  
WAS TORN OUT  
OF YOU.

WHAT  
ARE YOU?

RMM.  
NNT.



A DESICCATED  
SKULL CRACKS.

STAY  
DOWN,  
LEE.

THAT  
WON'T STOP  
IT.

WHAT...?

--YOU  
DON'T NEED  
HIS STONE!



...BUT YOU  
STILL FEAR ME. DON'T  
YOU? EVEN AN APEX  
PREDATOR FEARS  
SOMETHING.

FOR EVERY  
LIVING THING IN  
THIS COSMOS, THERE'S  
A NATURAL  
ENEMY.

EVEN FOR  
KLYNTARS.

AFTER ALL...  
WHAT DEFINES  
THE CAGE?





# THE CAPTIVE!

I FEEL IT. DEEP  
IN MY CELLS...  
RECOGNITION.  
I KNOW THIS  
CREATURE BY  
INSTINCT...

...BECAUSE LONG  
AGO, ON THE  
WORLD WE CAME  
FROM... HIS KIND  
GREW FAT ON  
MINE.

I CAN FEEL HIS  
POWER. EVEN AT  
FULL STRENGTH,  
ALL I WOULD BE TO  
SUCH A BEING IS  
PREY... AND I AM  
WEAK... HUNGRY...

WHAT CAN  
I DO?



WHAT CAN I  
DO TO SAVE  
MYSELF?

NOTHING.

NOTHING TO  
DO, NOTHING  
WORTH DOING.  
SO DUMB...

I'M MEANT TO  
BE THE CODEX. I'VE  
GOT A NECROSWORD  
IN ME. I COULD BE OUT  
THERE SWINGING IT  
RIGHT NOW.

SO WHY  
CAN'T I SUMMON  
THE SWORD ON  
MY OWN?

IF I'M HALF  
SYMBIOTE,  
WHY DO I NEED  
ANOTHER  
SYMBIOTE?

I SHOULDN'T  
NEED VENOM TO  
GET OUT THERE  
AND HELP--

WE ALL NEED  
SOMEONE.

WHO'S  
THERE--?

A SOUL  
ON A MISSION--  
TO MINISTER TO THE  
HOMELESS, AS IT  
WERE. TO SAVE  
THEIR ETERNAL  
LIVES...

BUT THEN  
I HEARD YOU  
TALKING ABOUT  
VENOM. WITH  
THAT OTHER  
ALIEN.

WHICH MAKES  
ME A FRIEND OF  
A FRIEND...OR THE  
ENEMY OF AN  
ENEMY.



I'VE LEARNED  
THE SAME DARK  
SECRETS YOU  
HAVE, DYLAN.

BECAUSE  
LONG AGO...  
A LIFETIME  
AGO...

I  
TOOK VENOM'S  
CONFESSION.

TO BE CONTINUED...



# BLOOD HUNT

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## MAY CHECKLIST

■	FREE COMIC BOOK DAY: BLOOD HUNT/X-MEN #1
■	VENGEANCE OF THE MOON KNIGHT #5
■	<b>BLOOD HUNT #1</b>
■	<b>BLOOD HUNT: RED BAND #1</b>
■	AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #49
■	AVENGERS #14
■	BLOOD HUNTERS #1
■	DOCTOR STRANGE #15
■	DRACULA: BLOOD HUNT #1
■	STRANGE ACADEMY: BLOOD HUNT #1
■	VENOM #33
□	AMAZING SPIDER-MAN: BLOOD HUNT #1
□	UNION JACK THE RIPPER: BLOOD HUNT #1
□	<b>BLOOD HUNT #2</b>
□	<b>BLOOD HUNT: RED BAND #2</b>
□	BLACK PANTHER: BLOOD HUNT #1
□	MIDNIGHT SONS: BLOOD HUNT #1

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NEXT:

# VENOM

## 34

The **CAPTIVE** is loose! And the vampiric super-foe thirsts for one thing--  
**VENOM!**



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FOR A CHANCE TO SEE THEM ANSWERED IN FUTURE ISSUES!